

ATTACHMENT A

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Colette Effie-Jill (Wettling) Ford. At two years of age, my two older sisters and I were taken into Family Services custody. Now Family Services had taken Rays two biological sons for " Torturing children," sometime in the 1950's. They were adopted out to the Giesner family. The time period was roughly 1970. On the last visit, the family services worker accepted \$ 250.00 and let my mom and (step) dad walk out the door with my sister and I. Ray and mom later discussed paying the money and Ray laughed and said how cheap my sisters and I were. The worker also revealed the location of my oldest to my mom and Ray. My oldest sister hid from my parents and refused to leave her location with Jill. My parents took us to Houston, Texas. During the time in Houston, Ray started molesting me and on one occasion, Ray was trying to force his penis into my mouth and I bit him. Ray threw me into the door frame and caused a closed head injury, which led to Spinal Meningitis. I have severe brain damage from that. The doctors told my mother to start planning my funeral. When I made it to the fourth day, the doctors told my mother that I would be severely Retarded (they're words). Ray knew what happened but never said a word to anyone. About two months after I recovered, Ray and a female Petaphile took Misty and I and took us to Dallas, Texas. In Dallas, Ray and Kathleen Taylor started trafficking me out of the garage on Dorchester Street. I was tortured, sodomised, rapped and severely beaten. They trafficked me two to three nights a week constantly for six years. Ray hit me in the back of the head with a large rock and threw me into the corner of a chester drawers head first as well. Kathy forced me to clean all day. When I did not clean correctly, she would knock me over the coffee table slapping me in the face (I was three) and beat me severely with a belt. Kathy also took the money, every time I was sold. They sold me to over fifteen hundred petaphiles (not counting the encounters with repeat customers). All my fingers have been broken several times and I was given milk and they knew I was lactose intolerant and they laughed about it. I now have extremely advanced Ulcerative Colitis (it is completely through my entire intestines) and no matter what I have tried, I am not getting better. Ray used to wrap a belt around my neck and pull it tight by stepping on my back with his foot. He had the buckle at the back of my neck and pulled it tight til I passed out. It was part of the show. I wanted you to know that. I had Pneumonia ten times in five years from being undressed during the cold winter nights in the garage. I have brain damage. I was so abused that I grew full pubic hair at five years old. I have had three years of counseling and could use a few more years of it.